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an outlet, lie on the table-land and in the elevated valleys beyond these precipitous ranges; it was, therefore, a vital object with the new settlers to discover a route capable of being made into a dray-road between the uplands and the port. An attempt had been made the previous year, by Mr. Dalrymple and Mr. A. J. Scott, to reach the coast from the interior, but it had failed, owing to the density of the forest and the steepness of the ravines in the mountains. Mr. Dalrymple, after establishing the colonists near Point Hecate, proceeded, with a party of troopers and natives, to make another attempt from the port, directing his course towards a gap in the wall-like range. He found that here the ridge was surmountable, and on the opposite side discovered a river, which he named the Herbert, flowing from the table-lands through a fertile valley to the coast, leaping into the plains beneath in a magnificent cascade. Reaching the cattle stations in the Valley of Lagoons, he returned to the settlement, and invited all the men to assist in making a road fit for wheeled vehicles. This was eventually accomplished. The distance by the road is 96 miles, and this road now connects all the interior country, and the banks of the Flinders, Lynd, and Burdekin, with the shores of the Pacific.

This communication will be printed entire in the 'Journal,' vol. xxxv.

3. *Boat Voyage from Adam Bay to Champion Bay, along the North and West Coasts of Australia.* By J. P. Srow, Esq., J.P., Adelaide.

My last letter closed on the 5th of May, and I fear its contents were anything but cheering to those interested in the Northern Territory. I am able now to give you news of the party, of whom I was one, that sailed from Adam Bay in the *Forlorn Hope*. On the departure of the *Bengal*, about fifty persons were left in the settlement. Of these, about forty were intending to leave by the first opportunity. It was well known that the time elapsing before the next advices from Adelaide would be wasted. The universal depression occasioned by the disappointed hopes and dreary prospects of the settlers and members of the expedition was relieved by the excitement of the two days on which the *Forlorn Hope* left the Cliffs and the Narrows. The main object of most of the members of the crew of this little craft was, of course, to return to Adelaide; but several, including myself, wished to visit different parts of the coast of our own territory. After this was effected, we were to proceed to Camden Harbour, and if a vessel was there bound for Swan River, Melbourne, or Adelaide, to sail by her; if not, to continue coasting till we fell

in with a vessel, or reached Fremantle, when the voyage of our boat was to end. We thought we should meet with numerous places of shelter about the coast and among the islands, but found, to our cost, how little we knew of the character of both. A few, and among them sailors, prognosticated a fatal issue to our voyage; but the unutterable disgust with which we contemplated the prospect of months of forced inactivity, determined us to venture. We purchased the boat on the 4th from the *Bengal*, and brought her on shore. She was $23\frac{1}{2}$ feet in length, 6 feet across the beam, and 2 feet deep. She had two masts and spritsails, to which we added a jib. On the 5th we had washboards added to her, and a little decking and tarpaulin on the bows and stern, thus guarding as far as possible against shipping water, and at the same time making lockers for our provisions. On the 6th, after the departure of the *Bengal*, we got our luggage and provisions on board. We had 200 lbs. of bread and biscuit, some cheese, 20 6-lb. tins of beef, a few medical comforts, some cakes, about 70 gallons of water, and some firewood. We carried as little luggage as possible, and a chest with photographic apparatus belonging to Messrs. Hamilton and Hake.

In the course of the afternoon all preparations were completed, and the people of Adam Bay collected to bid us farewell. At 10 A.M. on the 7th we went on board, and I may as well give here the passenger-list:—J. P. Stow, Arthur Hamilton, and Wm. McMinn (surveyors), John White and James Davis (seamen), and Chas. Hake and Francis Edwards, men of the survey parties. Messrs. Hamilton and McMinn were to determine our course, and John White, an experienced boatman, who had been in the pilot service in Victoria, and was well-known at Port Adelaide, was to have the management of the boat. Francis Davis was also an able seaman. We had maps from Melbourne, tracings from the charts of the captain of the *Bengal*, two sextants, and several pocket compasses. We took leave of our fellow-victims on the banks of the Adelaide, and on pushing off were encouraged on our way by great and continued cheering, while parting volleys were fired from carbines and revolvers. Some of the camp, including G. McMinn, C. Hulls, W. Stow, and others, accompanied us for some distance in a dingy. They hoisted a blanket for a sail, but not being able to steer very close to the wind, we took them in tow, and sailed down the river against the tide, through the mouth, and for some miles towards Point Charles, across the bay, leaving the Beatrice and the Cliffs far to the right. Soon we approached the open sea, and it was necessary for the dingy to return. What a parting that was on the waters of Adam Bay between friends and brothers!—some embarked on an adventure full of novelty, and

not destitute of peril; others doomed to months of weariness and monotony.

We passed the Vernon Islands early in the afternoon, taking the inner channel, and going over shoals. Good winds most of the day. After sundown weather looked threatening, and we had a stiff breeze; but about 7 P.M. the weather cleared, and the wind abated. We had pleasant breezes most of the night. How beautiful when the moon rose, and spread its silvery light upon the calm water. We became sentimental. The everlasting ocean could never really become monotonous; one could never tire of gazing upon its broad expanse and watching it in its various moods. Waking and sleeping, in dreams and reverie, the first night passed away.

At daylight on the 8th we saw the mainland, and during the day sailed over a reef marked on our chart, and passed the entrance of Port Paterson, coast low and dreary. Native fires all along the coast. At about 8 P.M. were stopped by reefs, and turned to the west, when we were again stopped and anchored. At 1 A.M. on the 9th, at low water, found ourselves surrounded by reefs, and were thankful for our escape from shipwreck. At high-water the reefs were all out of sight, and we sailed pleasantly enough for three or four hours, when the wind shifted, and we went to seaward till the sea became so rough that we tacked to the east and ran in shore, anchoring about 11 A.M., two miles from a sandy beach, free from breakers. Heavy rain and wind. Remained at anchor till the morning of the 10th. We had a rough sea and high wind with a good deal of rain. We were saturated with rain and spray, and some of our bread was injured. An uncomfortable night, but all slept a good deal—some soundly. At 7:30 steered for the mainland. At 3:30 Cape Blaze bore s.w., distant about 8 miles, and a fine range of hills—I should say 40 miles distant s.e. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Sailing very near the coast. Plenty of fish, and among them kangaroo fish, so called from the fact that they leap along the surface of the water on their tails. Heard snipe and plover on shore; sandflies visited us from the land. At 5 P.M. sighted the peak of Peron Island. The sea became rough, and not knowing the passage into Anson Bay, where we intended to call, we made for the shore, and anchored at 10 P.M., about 2 miles from the land, in 6 fathoms water. During the night the wind was cold and violent, with a rough sea. Our anchor being light, we drifted 8 or 10 miles to the north-west. At sunrise, on the 11th, we were out of sight of Peron Island, but we soon sighted it. The peak of the island first becomes visible, appearing like a solitary rock, but soon the rest of the island shows itself, and afterwards the smaller island. Winds light and variable, some-

times dying away altogether. There being a dead calm, anchored about 8 P.M. Numerous fires on the island and along the coast. Heard natives cooeing and wild dogs howling.

On the 16th, shortly after daylight, saw the Barthelemy Hills. Calms and light winds all day till about 4.30 P.M. Steered for what looked like an opening in the bight, between Cape Dombey and Cape Hay. On approaching, found this appearance of an opening which we hoped would prove to be a river, was occasioned by a break in the line of bushes that grew along the coast. This spot is left blank in the Admiralty charts. About dark, we anchored in $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms at the sandy beach. There was a large mangrove creek close to us on our right. Just before dark, saw large flights of cockatoos. During the night heard birds and the howl of the dingo on shore. Mosquitos troublesome the early part of the night, but they died or became torpid as the cold increased.

17th.—At sunrise noticed other mangrove creeks in the distance on each side of us. Landed, walking through soft mud, and afterwards got the boat on hard sand. Numerous tracks of natives and dingoes on the beach. At breakfast a dingo made its appearance, and we thought of shooting it, till it was suggested that it belonged to the natives. It made cautious approaches, now and then lying down, and watching us. It had a cord round its neck. It took no notice of the report of firearms. At last it sniffed food, and its advance became very rapid till we threw it some meat. After tasting this it ate out of a plate and then from our hands, and finally showed its gratitude and the delicacy of its habits by cleaning all our dishes and cooking utensils, and remained at our fire all day. At about 8 A.M. Mr. McMinn, White, Davis, and I started for the south point of the range south of the Barthelemys. We steered east, and at starting crossed and rounded a number of salt creeks, about which were numerous tracks of natives. We saw fishing-weirs across the creeks, with small openings, and near them mattings or nets with which, we suppose, the natives closed them as they wished. After getting clear of the creeks and mangroves we came to a hard plain, with grass and rushes; the grass wiry, but better than we had seen on the coast before. Much of the plain had been burnt. Before us was the range trending from south to north, or north-west, the Barthelemy Hills to the north of the end of the range, and other hills beyond in the same direction. We had a beautiful south-east breeze; the day was mild, and altogether like a May day in South Australia. We walked on briskly, elated with the idea of soon being on high hills, and having a view of good country. About 2 miles from the sea we came to a fresh swamp, and walking through it

soon came to another, and then found the swamps continuous. We walked 2 miles through water, and then turned northward to some distant timber, hoping to find there dry land that would lead to the Barthelemy Hills, whence we hoped we could travel along the range and return by a different route. When we reached the first clump of timber we found it a mere island in the midst of the swamp. One of the party dropped into a hole up to his shoulders in mud and water, and was rapidly disappearing when he was pulled out. After this we found the water invariably deeper when we came to timber, which was principally paperbark. We waded through rushes and reeds or small bamboos till our party began to separate. We then went for a considerable distance through tall flags, several feet over our heads, till the water reached to our waists, and deepened so rapidly that in a few steps we should have been reduced to the necessity of swimming, so we reluctantly returned, seeing water in every direction. Logs were floating about, and leeches abounded. I have no doubt we were on the edges of a lake, and that the water we walked through contracted as the dry season advanced. We had a view of at least 100 square miles of swamp.

On the 18th, at daylight, out of sight of land, going across Cam bridge Gulf, with a high sea. Rough all day.

19th.—About two hours before daylight saw land. Passed Cape Bernier, and sailed along the coast. About Cape Londonderry it is a fine bold coast—high cliffs, and sometimes ranges of hills coming to the water's edge, with mountainous country in the background. All on land looked dry, and had that desolate appearance which the Australian coast generally wears in the summer season. Passed Cape Bougainville, and in the evening, as the navigation looked dangerous from the number of islands and breakers, we tried to find shelter under an island about 12 miles from the cape, but got on a reef with less than three feet of water on it. As we were endeavouring to get clear of this danger a heavy breaker came rolling on. The boat answered her helm beautifully, went head on, and rode buoyantly over the surf. We then headreached north-east, keeping a watch. After standing out for some miles the water suddenly became smooth, and we struck on rock. Soon after we saw breakers all around and land at no great distance. Bump, bump, grind, grind, went our poor boat on the rocks; we tried hard to get her off, but she continued to catch on the reef. Our situation was now critical. We were a dozen miles from the mainland, with no chance of escape in case of shipwreck, which seemed inevitable, for the soft wood of which our little vessel was made could not long stand such severe usage. We believed our voyage of life was about to end with that

of the *Forlorn Hope*, and it seemed that the motto on our flag would have a mournful significance. At last we got clear, and sailed back towards the island we had left in the evening, and anchored in 2 fathoms.

20th.—A heavy sea broke our rudder this morning, and we anchored and repaired it. Sailed in various directions, trying to avoid the numerous reefs and shoals, till at last we resolved to go eastward till we got outside them, and then still work round all these dangers—making a detour of 80 or 90 miles. The wind being against us, we ran down to the eastern side of Vansittart Bay, and found safe anchorage off a sandspit, at 5 fathoms, about half a mile from the land.

21st.—Got under sail at daylight; but as everything foretold rough weather we sought shelter, and anchored in 4 fathoms at Troughton Island, a quarter of a mile from the shore. We had a fine view from here. To the west, the cape—a round hill with a spit of land running out; to the south, the shores of Vansittart Bay, Troughton Island, curving round and partly obstructing the view; and behind all, in the distance, on the mainland, high ranges, and an immense quantity of smoke ascending from them.

22nd.—Started at daylight with a gentle breeze, smooth sea, and balmy weather, steering north till towards evening, when we ran west about 15 miles.

23rd.—After a fine night's run we struck at 3 A.M. on a reef. Got the boat off, and anchored till daylight in $7\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms water. At dawn were close to three remarkable rocks. All the forenoon among shoals and reefs. Tacked in all directions, and at length, to simplify matters, sailed over a shoal. Rowed a great deal. Plenty of turtles and fish about. Heavy dews at night. Quantities of porpoises. General course south-west.

24th.—Passed islands marked on the charts as south of Casini Islands. Passing islands all day.

On the 25th and 26th still islands, islands, islands. After leaving Cape Bougainville we passed at least 500, of every shape, size, and appearance. Some are several miles in extent; others are mere detached rocks; some have stunted vegetation; others look quite bare; some look like detached portions of hilly ranges; some conical; some round or oval, and flat-topped; some slope to the water's edge; some are bold and cliffy; some smooth; some diversified with sand-hills; some are rugged and uneven, with large rocks piled together in a wild and fantastic manner; some exhibit a sandy beach; others are guarded by barriers of reefs. Infinitely varied as these islands are—wild and picturesque, grand sometimes almost to sublimity—

there is about them all an air of dreariness and gloom. No sign of life appears on their surface; scarcely even a sea bird hovers on their shores. They seem abandoned by nature to complete and everlasting desolation. The barrenness and silence were more depressing to us from the circumstances of our position. We had thought to find shelter among so many isles, safe anchorages, when the storms rose and the sea raged, but the islands were more inhospitable than the wide ocean. There was deep fathomless water up to their shores, except where we were on treacherous reefs. Whatever wind blew we were compelled to drift, and were often forced out of our way by furious currents and eddies. It was a relief from weariness, anxiety, and danger, when we escaped from this archipelago. We tried to get into Camden Harbour through Rogers's Straits, but failed, being puzzled by islands, and baffled by breakers and eddies.

On the 29th felt at daylight considerably uncomfortable. Our provisions were out; we had been trying to catch fish, but although there were shoals they would not bite. There was no appearance of game on shore, and no sign of a settlement. The appearance and the bearings of the coast, islands, and channels were so utterly different from the description on any chart, that we had the greatest difficulty in determining which way to steer for the harbour, and some of our party became thoroughly sceptical as to its existence. At last we rowed through a narrow and tortuous passage between islands; and soon, to our great relief, we saw a boat in the distance. On coming alongside we found a surveyor (Mr. Cowle) and party. They had a remarkably dull and despondent look that rather surprised us, expecting to meet every one looking happy in so thriving a settlement as we supposed Camden Harbour to be. We soon heard the worst news. The sheep were nearly all dead, and the whole settlement was a failure. We remained five days at this unfortunate settlement, and gained ample information respecting its history, and the character of the land in its vicinity. The harbour is most beautiful. It stretches to the west for eight miles to where it is entered by three channels coming through reefs and islands. It is bounded on the south by the high rugged hills of the mainland; the loftiest eminence being Mount Lookover; on all sides are bights and inlets, while high round-topped islands complete the picture. The rise and fall of tide is $37\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and at low water islands and forests of mangroves are made visible that were out of sight a few hours before. The country was wild and rugged. Dark and irregularly-shaped hills that seemed to be composed of masses of loose rocks. Stones everywhere; but upon every spot of soft ground, and among the rocks, there was a luxuriant growth of rank grass.

Some of it was kangaroo-grass, but in quality utterly different from that of the southern colonies. Far away were bold mountains and ranges, and leading to them a succession of hill and valley, but all of the same stony character. The trees were scarce and stunted, the most remarkable being the Baobab, or gouty stemmed tree. The air during our stay was remarkably clear, and in the morning quite bracing. We visited the settlers, who were encamped about two miles from the Government camp. They were all ruined, and intending to leave by the first opportunity. They gave dreadful accounts of the weather at the time of their arrival. There had been several deaths from sunstroke: in one case a man was picked up dead in the bush; in another a settler, after spending a day on shore, returned to the vessel by which he had arrived, and expired in a few minutes. It must be remembered that in these cases of *coup de soleil* the parties had not landed many days, and probably did not take the precautions necessary to guard themselves from the effects of a vertical sun. The effect of the heat upon the sheep probably exceeded anything of the kind ever before witnessed. Their feet seemed burned with walking on the stones. All night they were in agony; their panting almost amounted to roaring. The extraordinary heat was probably increased to a great extent by the refraction from the rocks. At this time there was little grass; but when it did grow, and even after it had arrived at maturity, it was worthless. The few sheep that were left fed on it greedily till their stomachs were enormously distended, but they still fell off in condition. I saw the flocks at grass, and never, upon the worst run after the worst drought in South Australia, have I seen such wretched objects. They did not weigh more than 18 pounds, and the sight of one killed and dressed I shall not readily forget. The Government sheep, however, had not lost condition to any great extent, so that there was probably something in the management; but the fact that they had not improved was sufficient to condemn the country. The settlers' horses had to be fed with corn and bran, although they did no work and the grass was abundant. The Government horses were low in condition. They had done some exploring, but certainly in South Australia horses would do three times the work and look in fair order. A more unfit spot for stock of any description could not be found anywhere. There is probably good country inland, but too far off, and the route too impracticable for it to be connected with Camden Harbour. One settler found and took on lease a small piece of country with good grass and useful timber, eight miles from the camp, but such spots were very rare. The

whole scheme for settling Camden Harbour was rash and ill-considered.

Some few weeks before our arrival the settlement had been visited by Malays. There were about 300—in seven proas and 30 canoes. They were a wretched-looking lot, and for firearms had but a few old rusty flint-muskets and two or three small rusty cannon. The natives drove them away from the watering-places, and killed one of their number. These are the formidable pirates against whose attacks it was supposed the party at Adam Bay might have to maintain a desperate defence. At Port Essington the Malays were afraid of the natives, who were remarkably harmless.

On the 3rd June we took leave of our host, from whom we had received every assistance in preparing for the continuation of our voyage, and every attention to our comfort that courtesy and kind feeling could suggest. We took with us Her Majesty's mail and a multitude of messages to people in Perth. On leaving the landing at the camp we sailed over to the wreck of the *Cailliance*. Here several of the Victorian settlers who had purchased the wreck had their tents erected on the shore, and were busy in preparing to burn the hull as the only way to get the copper from her. We purchased a cable, and, soon after sailing, an enormous column of smoke arose from the wreck. The *Cailliance* was on fire as if in honour of our departure. Had that vessel been at Adam Bay a cutter would certainly have been made from her for the majority of the party to escape by.

On the 5th no land in sight.

On the 8th, about 4 A.M., the ironwork of our rudder broke; lowered sails, and put out a steer oar; sea high and rough. Sea moderated after noon, and we mended the rudder and baled out the boat. Some of the party unwell; two having cramps, another bilious, another with dysentery, and a fourth very sick, but ate very well. Wind variable, and high at night.

9th.—The sea getting worse till after daylight; a dreadful cross sea that our sailing master, White, said was enough to swamp all the boats that ever were made. At sunrise the sight was terribly grand—the long swell, the mountain wave, the deep hollow, the white foam—as far as we could see, the scene was one of wild disorder. When upon the crest of a mighty sea, we saw ourselves to descend into a deep hollow like the extinct crater of a volcano. Down we went, high seas foaming all around us. The bowsprit just kissed the water, and the *Folorn Hope* rose like a duck upon

the next wave. The storm did not increase after sunrise and at 10 A.M. showed signs of moderating, and before noon we had all canvas set. Latitude $17^{\circ} 14' 35''$; wind S.E. by S. Porpoises following us, and shoals of fish about. Yellow snakes with black spots floating on the surface; jelly-fish abundant. In the afternoon the wind rose till it increased to a gale. The sky had a hard, cold appearance. The waves awfully high, and we shipped some heavy seas; one in particular sunk the boat low, and we had to bale for our lives. We passed an awful night, expecting every minute to be our last. Half drowned and bitterly cold; constantly baling; laying to with a leg-of-mutton sail.

10th.—At daylight the scene was frightful, and we longed for a ship to deliver us from our peril; but we knew that we were out of the track of all vessels. Snakes floating on the billows. About midday the storm showed signs of moderating, and we hoped to make sail again, but as evening came on the wind rose to a gale, and we found we had to pass another night of suffering and peril. One of the party was seized with shivering fits. We had no medicine, but administered rum and essence of ginger; rubbed his feet and covered him up in his bed; blankets, clothing, and everything saturated with water. Night clear, and the cold biting.

11th.—*Sunday*. We had passed through a night of tempest, danger, and pain; the storm worse than ever, the waves not higher, but we had cross seas, with the billows breaking over the boat and dashing her round. The invalid suffered very much, and—poor fellow!—we were unable to cook, or do anything for him but give him the rum and ginger. As the morning wore on, the tempest still raged. There was an awful feature in the storm that morning. The waves were high and steep, and as two of us sat watching the horrible scene, we saw an immense sea approaching almost perpendicular, and a few feet at the summit quite so, and of a bright green colour and capped with foam. “We shall never get over that,” both exclaimed; but there is no craning at those fences, and on we went. As we expected, the top of the sea broke over the boat, nearly upsetting her, and dashed her down the steep descent, and the mass of water surging under dropped us down on the other side. “Bale, quick!” was the cry, and we prepared for the next sea. We had three of these walls of water, with their green tops and crests of foam; and it seemed a miracle how we escaped from such danger. Each time the boat was dashed down in the same way, and a quantity of water thrown into her. At noon we were once more deluded with the hope of the gale lessening, and we changed our leg-of-mutton sail into a double-reefed foresail. We took

latitude $17^{\circ} 86' 32''$. In the evening the sea and wind increased, and we were obliged to take in canvas. The waves broke against us from three different directions. We were now so exhausted that, although in such danger, we could sleep, and even the man at the helm kept continually dropping off and waking with a start. We were cramped and tortured with rheumatic pains, caused by being so long wet and remaining in the same posture. During the night we cut down the mainmast and let it float away; we could not unfasten it and take it down without moving about, and probably upsetting the boat.

12th.—Morning broke upon us still battling with the storm. Awful as the danger was, there was a fierce and almost pleasing excitement in seeing the gallant way in which the *Forlorn Hope* rode over the mountain billows, or recovered herself after being dashed against by cross seas. During the day the storm abated. A few Boatswain-birds came round us. We ran all night under a close-reefed foresail.

13th.—Our situation still looked more hopeful, we could see over a greater expanse of wild sea and white surf. The breeze was strong, but we were getting under the influence of the land, and with a south-east wind the sea moderated fast as we approached the shore. We began to think that our worst danger was over, and to feel proportionately thankful. No men, probably, were ever in greater peril for so long a time. Fortunately we had moonlight—the sky, night and day, wearing a hard glaring appearance, with scarcely ever a sign of cloud.

14th.—About 10 A.M. saw smoke in the direction of land, and at 11.15 saw land itself. Latitude at noon, $19^{\circ} 45' 54''$. The coast low and barren-looking. Along the shore white sandhills with little vegetation. Endeavoured to land in the evening to dry our clothes, but there were heavy rollers that rendered it dangerous, so we stood out, and anchored in 4 fathoms.

19th.—Sighted Cape Lambert, which we reached about 2 P.M., and entered Nicol Bay, sailing between the mainland and Bezout Island. The coast bolder than any we had been accustomed to for some days. The hills appeared to have a good deal of ironstone about them. The rocks at the shore were rough and strange-looking—some washed into arches and concaves, others into the most rugged and fantastic forms, with multitudes of excrescences like stalactites. Patches of sandy beach appeared, and in places reefs jutted out from the shore. At 5 P.M. we were hugging the land on the south side of the bay. We sailed principally by solid rock of the colour for some distance of copper-ores. We almost fancied we could see the green and yellow carbonates. The land at the other side of

the bay plainly visible. Plenty of turtles. Jelly-fish of a peculiar shape, like mushrooms, with a horsetail attached. They were of different colours. Snakes following us. At about 4:30 heard a cooey, and saw natives on the summit of a rise. They motioned to us to come to them, and we steered towards the beach, but could not land on account of rocks and the swell. Tried to communicate with the natives, but we were unintelligible to each other. We were obliged to turn away, and when we did so they all gave a tremendous groan. There were about twenty men, women, and children. On our moving up the bay one ran along the top of a hill to watch our movements. About sundown we fancied we could see tents, and just after dark saw a light, when we cast anchor. Fired two barrels of a revolver and were answered by three distinct signal-lights, when we fired another barrel in reply, and rested satisfied we had found the settlers. Latitude at noon, $20^{\circ} 32' 6''$. During the night we began to doubt whether the settlement was not a native one.

20th.—At daylight all doubt as to whether we had found civilised beings was removed, for we heard a cooey, and immediately afterwards saw a native inviting us ashore. As however, the shore was some distance from us, and we had a fair wind, we pushed on, thinking the settlers must be higher up the bay, as we had seen no sign of a landing-place. We passed islands, rocky points, and long stretches of low shore fringed with mangroves.

On the 22nd, after going on shore in Nicol Bay, sailed at 2 A.M., and rounded point after point of the mainland, and an island running north of it, till a little before 8 A.M., close to the north point of the island, we saw a small sandy bight, and determined to land and get a view from the hills. On nearing the shore we saw a native, who ran along the beach, and then along the rocks, making great gesticulations. We spoke to him, and made signs that we were going to land, when he ran to meet us, and three or four other men made their appearance, with four boys. Two of the men had spears, and shook them at us; but as we approached nearer, they laid them on the beach. Not knowing how many might be in the background, we loaded all the firearms, and running the boat ashore, two of us landed, one having a revolver in his belt. The rest of the party stopped for some time in the boat. Eight natives met us, and were friendly enough. An old man kept in the distance, and did not come to us during the day. He was probably behind the times, and the slave of antiquated prejudices against foreigners. With this anticosmopolitan was a remarkably fine dingo, large, broadchested, and in good condition. We found the natives knew nothing of the settlement, but they had seen white people. They

used of their own accord about eight or ten English words, including water, baccy, sugar, by-and-by, and thank you. They begged for food, but that was too scarce with us at that time. We gave them knives and tobacco. They offered us fish ready cooked, but we were afraid they would expect us to pay for the meal with interest, or it would have been welcome. They appeared to have some notions of the habits of business men, for it was not till evening that they offered to introduce us to their families—an invitation the necessity of proceeding on our journey prevented us from accepting. They showed us water in the rocks nearly at the summit of the hills, about three-quarters of a mile from the boat. We took in a full supply in six journeys. The natives showed us some of their drawings on the rocks. There were sketches of fishes, turtles, lizards, and different kinds of birds, including emus. One native made a sketch of a turtle on the sand. If the performance would not have satisfied a critical eye, it had at any rate the merit of being dashed off with a free hand. One of our party then drew the outline of a horse, which sorely puzzled them. One of the men stood more than six feet, and most of them were above the medium height. All were badly shaped and skinny. In the evening we prepared to start, and not having been able to find any signs of a settlement, were determined to make for Champion Bay. We had about 60 lbs. of flour, 22 lbs. rice of the worst quality, and two or three pounds of oatmeal and maizena. We determined, after finishing the two latter articles, to put ourselves on three pints of flour and rice per diem for the whole of us. Having taking in wood and water, we went on board, and lay at anchor for the night.

23rd.—At daylight weighed anchor, and rounding a point steered w.s.w. for what appeared an opening ahead of us. After four or five miles got into shallow water— $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 fathoms. Passed several low, square, rocky islets, and a grassy island. Tried an opening to the north abreast of us. On reaching it found it very narrow—not above 20 yards wide. The current was very strong—at least eight miles an hour. Sometimes there were three fathoms of water, and then rocks three feet from the surface. We lowered sail on approaching, but the current was so powerful the only course was to go through the channel. We backed water with the oars, and shoved the boat off the rocks as she rushed through like a race-horse. We then found that instead of being in the open sea we were surrounded on all sides by islands and reefs, except to the east, the direction from which we came. We turned in that direction, and the wind being against us pulled till nearly midday, when we were past the last night's anchorage, and had a full view of our old

landing-place. Cooked oatmeal and flour. We lit the fire in a camp-oven, and boiled in a bucket. We boiled everything, to make it go further. About 1:30 took to the oars again, and continued pulling till after 4 P.M., when the wind enabled us to sail. At sunset there was a strong current against us, and we anchored between Legendre and Delambre Islands, in 11 fathoms water. Both islands are rocky but grassy on their surface. The passage between Legendre and Haay Islands appeared impracticable on account of breakers. A north-west breeze during the night made us anxious; we could not help thinking of the much dreaded North-west Cape, and feared the most dangerous wind had set in.

24th.—At daylight found to our joy that the wind had shifted to the S.E.; and that we had probably taken leave of Nicol Bay with its dreary and desolate-looking scenery.

25th.—Glorious sunrise over clouds reflecting from their edges the most varied and brilliant hues. Light fleecy clouds in all parts of the sky, interspersed with others of a darker colour. Turtle about. Latitude at noon, $20^{\circ} 27'$. Rocky Point, Enderby Island, bearing S. by E.; wind, E.N.E. At sunset cloud-banks and dark scud all round. Winds light and variable all night.

26th.—Variable winds all the forenoon and ceasing altogether after midday till evening.

On the 29th, just after midnight, a fine breeze came from the S.E., and we had a splendid run all night. During the forenoon it shifted till it stopped at N.E. Course, S.W. At 11 A.M. passed a sandy island, S.E. by S. Immediately afterwards saw bottom, and sounded from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 fathoms, and then passed into deep water. Abundance of turtle. Breakers to the S.E. A reef extends fully three miles N.E. from the island, which is seven or eight miles, according to the chart, from the Rossilly Island of the French. Latitude at noon, $21^{\circ} 19' 28''$. Breeze freshened till our juremast, made of an oar, cracked, and had to be stayed. At 1 P.M. Thouvenard Island on our port bow. During the afternoon passed a line of low sandy islands, keeping them to the east. About 10 P.M. saw a sandy island, unnamed. Shortened sail, so as to round the Cape in the morning. Pleasant night. Wind at midnight from S.E.

30th.—Cold towards morning. At daylight sighted Muiron Island, and passed between the island and Cape. Heavy breakers on the shore. Fine night. Passed Point Cloates at 11:30 P.M. Nearly drifted on a reef. All night heard the roar of the breakers.

July 1.—At daylight could see the spray rising up like mist-clouds. Latitude at noon, $23^{\circ} 8' 18''$. We had been running within from five to eight miles from the shore, and the coast from the North-west

Cape to this point was as wretched-looking as any part of the continent, barren, desolate, treeless, and of a dingy brown colour. I knew it was the season when in those latitudes Australian landscape would have a withered appearance, but here were large patches without any vegetation whatever. About that line of coast, there is no element of the sublime to redeem its horrible barrenness. A long range, of 600 feet elevation; no ruggedness, no beetling crag, no steep mountain or dark ravine, no chasm or overhanging precipice. The hills are smoothsided, with a dull uniformity of height, and appear to be elevated only to render more conspicuous their sterility and monotonous hideousness. Twenty-five miles from the cape the hills looked a little more irregular, but there was the same absence of forest, the same appearance of desolation.

2nd.—At daylight, could indistinctly see the coast through the haze and mist—to the north were perpendicular cliffs; to the south lower land, trending away in a kind of bight, and then coming out in the form of bold cliffs of reddish-white colour. Passed Cape Cuvier. The view was indistinct up to this point, but the land appeared desolate—partly cliffs, partly steep slopes, with sandhills here and there. Latitude at noon, $24^{\circ} 22'$. The wind was N.W. in the afternoon, and we steered for Shark's Bay, and ran under the shelter of the Bernier and Dorre Islands, the former of which we sighted between 3 and 4 P.M. Cold afternoon, and calm night.

3rd.—At daylight had passed Bernier Island, and had Dorre Island on our right—distant about 10 miles. Shores steep and cliffy, some of the cliffs being extremely white.

6th.—In the morning the sea was rather rough, with a long swell on. Dirk Hartog's Island had a mist over it all the forenoon. It is high land, appearing like ranges of hills, dark and gloomy. Occasionally we could see the steep cliffs overhanging the sea. About midday we were off the false entrance between the island and the mainland. Latitude at noon, $26^{\circ} 9' 45''$. The coast on the mainland is low, sandhills near the points, then low yellowish cliffs, their summits showing dry grass, but perfectly bare of timber. Snakes followed us, and albatrosses sailed round the boat. During the night weather alternately cloudy and fine; light winds most of the night.

7th.—Towards daylight the breeze freshened. About an hour before dawn took in the mainsail. Wind N.E., getting stronger during the forenoon, and the sea very rough. We had got out 20 miles from land, and the sea being on our broadside we received a good wetting. About 10 A.M. the weather moderated, and soon after the sun came out, and the sky lost its wintry appearance; even

the wind was warm. Latitude at noon, $27^{\circ} 18'$. In the afternoon wind n.w., and weather threatening. All longing to reach Champion Bay before a burster came on, we pulled in towards the coast, and ran within seven or eight miles of it. Land high, but the atmosphere was so hazy we could see little of it. Sometimes we saw cliffs, and timber in places. We saw smoke on shore, the first since leaving Exmouth Gulf. Plenty of albatrosses and a few cape pigeons. In the latter part of the afternoon the land became more distinct, and we could see the green foliage of trees. Passed Gantheaume Bay about 7:30. Although before moonrise could make it out distinctly. We had a splendid run during the night, hugging the shore, with a smart breeze and a high sea in our favour. After passing Gantheaume Bay the limestone hills were very conspicuous, and had a strange effect by the light of the clouded moon. They were lofty and white, with dark summits. Noticed Shoal Point. Passed, without observing them, Port Gregory and the mouth of the Hutt River. During the night the wind shifted once or twice, and on one occasion the juremast cracked, and nearly went over the side. Just afterwards an oar that was being used for a boom broke in half, striking the watch on the head, knocking him into the bottom of the boat, and occasioning a flow of the circulating fluid from the nasal organ.

8th.—Morning broke unpromisingly, with a mist so dense that we could not see the land at the distance of a quarter of a mile. We feared that in the fog we should pass Champion Bay without seeing it, but at last we recognized, in what looked like a cloud-bank, the high land; and, after a heavy shower of rain had to a great extent cleared away the mist, we were refreshed by a delightful view of lofty and picturesque ranges. We were prepared, from all we had heard of Western Australia, to find a barren coast; but we saw that whether this part of the coast were fertile or otherwise, it presented a bold and varied scenery. There were hill and valley, peak and bluff, long ranges, flat-topped hills, trees scattered over the upper portions of the elevations, and heather upon the mountain side. The effect of this view upon us, after the dreariness and desolation of the coast we had left behind, was enchanting. Then the mist came over us again, obscuring all the view, and leaving only the dull outline of the coast. Once more it partially cleared, and we saw in the distance Mount Fairfax and the Pinnacle, with other hills of strange shapes. Hugging the shore we passed over a shoal marked on the chart, with five fathoms of water on it, and a rough sea. Shortly after this we perceived a green spot in the scrub, then discovered a hut, and found that the verdant patch was a cultivation paddock.

How welcome was this first sign of civilization after 1600 miles of wild ocean and desert shore. The coast after this took a sweep, and we struck for a distant point of land with a reef stretching out from it. In vain endeavouring to reconcile our course with the chart, we suddenly saw houses, then flagstaffs, shipping and a jetty. At last our toils, privations, and perils were over. We turned our boat for the jetty, and disregarding the buoys to our left, sailed over the end of the reef, on the south-west side of the bay, with soundings at from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to 5 fathoms, till we got regular bottom at 6 fathoms, which lasted till we nearly reached the shore, when it shoaled suddenly. Our arrival created great excitement. It was at first thought that ours was a whaleboat from Port Gregory; but the course we steered, and the fact of our taking soundings, proved us to be strangers. Nearly all the population were on the beach to meet us, of course thinking we were part of a wrecked crew, and fifty willing hands helped to drag our boat on shore. Our story was soon told, and we were loaded with expressions of kindly welcome and offers of assistance; and, although undoubtedly we presented a suspicious appearance, the authorities did not trouble us with inquiries till we had been warmed by the fire and comforted with the good cheer of mine host Baston, whose excellent hotel we can recommend to travellers as one where they will meet with excellent accomodation and the most studied attention to their comfort. After satisfying the claims of hunger we proceeded, according to our several tastes, to give ourselves the appearance of civilized beings. Before the metamorphosis was completed in my case, I was waited upon by a functionary, who inquired if I was the ringleader of the party. I looked steadily at him, as if for an explanation, when he modified the expression by lopping off the first syllable, and dwelt upon the extreme importance of caution and vigilance in a convict colony. I satisfied him, however, by showing my clearance from Camden Harbour, and still further reassured his mind by allowing him to see Her Majesty's mail for Fremantle. The day continued rainy and cold, and rendered doubly grateful the warmth and shelter we had found after our weary voyage. In the evening several of us visited the Mechanics' Institute, and buried ourselves for hours among the colonial, but, of course, more particularly the Adelaide, journals. Those who in our own beautiful city have been accustomed to their morning and evening paper, will hardly appreciate the zest with which we devoured several months' news, with all their topics of interest, including the rise and fall of Ministries, the accidents by flood and field, the catastrophe that had befallen Panter's party, the deaths of great men in the old country, and the momentous news

from America. We returned very late to our inn, and felt thankful that the voyage of the *Forlorn Hope* had ceased. Our crew was disbanded. A better lot never pulled together. Under Providence we were all much indebted for our lives to the skill and judgment of John White, and to his coolness in times of the greatest possible danger; and we felt thankful we had the assistance of another British tar, James Davis. To my friends, Messrs. Hamilton and McMinn, who took observations and laid down our course, we owed the exactness with which we ascertained our position and pursued our way. To their assistance I owe much in preparing this journal, and to their labours is to be attributed the accuracy that must constitute its chief value. Those who were neither seamen nor navigators did their duty as Englishmen, and the recollections of the perils we have faced, and the hardships we have endured together, will form a tie that time can only strengthen.

The PRESIDENT, in inviting discussion upon the papers, made a few remarks on the wonderful and rapid progress which the new colony of Queensland had made under the skilful and energetic administration of Sir George Bowen. Further details of this progress, and especially of the extension of the frontiers of civilization towards the north, by the valleys of the Lynd and Flinders, were given in the communication of Sir George Bowen which accompanied Mr. Dalrymple's graphic and striking narrative, and this would be printed in the next volume of the Journal of the Society. The value of the map illustrating the journey of the Messrs. Jardine was also dwelt upon by the President. The greater part of the route was entirely new, and it had been depicted on a large scale and with the greatest minuteness. With regard to the bold adventure of Mr. Stow and his companions, it seemed to be almost equal, as a boat voyage, to that of Lieutenant Bligh when sent adrift by the mutineers of the *Bounty*; but the adventure was a voluntary one, and all praise was due to Mr. Stow for endeavouring to add to our knowledge of the coast-country in the course of the journey.

Sir CHARLES NICHOLSON said, with regard to the first paper, which gave a detailed account of the journey of Messrs. Frank and Alexander Jardine, he might observe that these very enterprising and intelligent men were natives of the colony, sons of a very gallant and able man, who had been appointed police magistrate at Cape York. They were sent with horses and other necessities for the supply of the new settlement, and certainly they acquitted themselves in a very successful manner. He had noticed that there appeared to be on the part of Anglo-Australians a sort of intuitive gift, by which they were enabled to carry out undertakings like these. He believed that the failure of many most enterprising individuals had arisen from the fact that they were not of this peculiar class. With regard to the second paper, giving the account of Mr. Dalrymple having succeeded in discovering and opening the new route from Rockingham Bay to the interior of the Valley of Lagoons it would be recollected that it had always been a matter of great difficulty to get over the extensive ranges of Eastern Australia running from north to south, and Mr. Dalrymple had rendered a great service to the colony of Queensland in surmounting the difficulty at a point where it was of so much importance. But he had perhaps rather over-rated the advantage to English colonists of the lowlands along the coast of Tropical Eastern Australia. The numerous lagoons and long stretches of mangrove swamp, which occupied so great a part of the

area, detracted greatly from the value of these districts. He might remark that the progress of settlement was going on with great rapidity in the north of Queensland, and stations had been taken up almost as far as the Gulf of Carpentaria. He had been much struck with the account given of the utter desolation and lifeless character of the islands on the north-west, given by Mr. Stow, which contrasted so strongly with the beautiful islands of the north-eastern coast. Some years ago, when sailing along the coast, he thought he never saw anything so perfectly beautiful and so picturesque as the whole of the coast from Moreton Bay northwards. Referring to the general fact, that the only available portions of Tropical Australia were probably the eastern portions, and that the meridian of 135° pretty nearly marked a line between the fertile parts of the East destined to a prosperous future, and the probably useless and sterile country of the West, he thought it a pity that those enterprising and gallant men, who had explored from Adam Bay westward, did not direct their efforts to some locality further eastward, more likely to be productive of solid advantage. A short journey of 600 miles would have brought them to Cape York, and saved a good deal of their tedious voyage. There was one point which he would only just advert to, namely, the utter absurdity of the views which led to the establishment of a colony in North Australia, subject to and under the jurisdiction of South Australia. They had been the means of exciting angry feelings amongst the people, and producing disruption and disunion. He would mention that a very interesting communication had arrived by the last mail. It was to the effect that steam communication had been established between Brisbane and Singapore, and no doubt the first steamer of this important new line was now on her way, so that there would in future be monthly communication by Torres Straits with Australia, and the whole continent would be encircled. He might also mention, as a fact showing the increase of rapidity of communication, that this day (27th November) we were in the receipt of news by telegraph from Australia up to the 24th October, a little more than a month.

The PRESIDENT, in closing the proceedings, said it was necessary to call attention to a fact which people were apt to forget, that it was the discovery of the mouth of the Adelaide River, in Adam Bay, by Macdougall Stuart, on his journey across the continent, which led the South Australians, however imprudently, to send a colonising expedition all round the east coast to that remote northern point. He agreed with Sir Charles Nicholson that Mr. Stow and his party would have made a more easy voyage by steering their boat eastward in the direction of Cape York; but they had already taken that route in their voyage from Adelaide to Adam Bay, and they went, like true geographers, to explore new lands; and he therefore stood up for these spirited men, because he considered that a 1600-mile boat voyage round that country was a feat of which geographers ought to be proud.

Third Meeting, Monday, December 11th, 1865.

SIR RODERICK I. MURCHISON, K.C.B., PRESIDENT, in the Chair.

PRESENTATIONS.—*J. Gwyn Jeffreys, Esq.; Binny J. Colvin, Esq.*

ELECTIONS.—*Samuel White Baker, Esq. (the discoverer of the Lake Albert Nyanza); Colonel William Edwyn Evans; John Howard Gwyther, Esq.; J. J. Halcombe, Esq.; Henri G. de Mussy, M.D.; H. J. Norman, Esq.; Oswald C. Papengouth, Esq., C.E.; Joseph Valentine Smedley, Esq., M.A.*